

"Whaf'd Yo' Do Wid De Letter
Mr. Johnson?"



Anna Held's Latest "Coon Song" Success.

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Introduced by ANNA HELD in her present Sparkling Success

"THE LITTLE DUCHESS," at THE N.Y. CASINO.

WHAT'D YO' DO WID DE LETTER, MR. JOHNSON?

Words & Music by MONROE H. ROSENFELD

Moderato

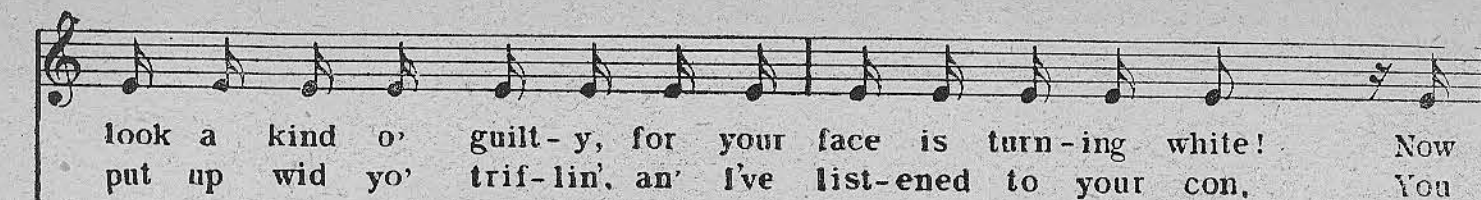
The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with dynamics ranging from *f* (forte) to *p* (piano). The vocal parts enter with two verses. The first verse is: '1. Come here, Mis-ter Johnson, for I want to have a talk with'. The second verse is: '2. Look a - here, Mis-ter Johnson, you have got to stop your trif-lin with'. The music continues with a bridge and a final chorus. The lyrics for the bridge are: 'you, - me, - What'd yo' do wid de let-ter dat I Get dat mon-ey, right a-way, or I'll'. The lyrics for the final chorus are: 'gave you for to post to Sue? You make you say your pray'rs on your knee. I've'.

1. Come here, Mis-ter Johnson, for I want to have a talk with
2. Look a - here, Mis-ter Johnson, you have got to stop your trif-lin with

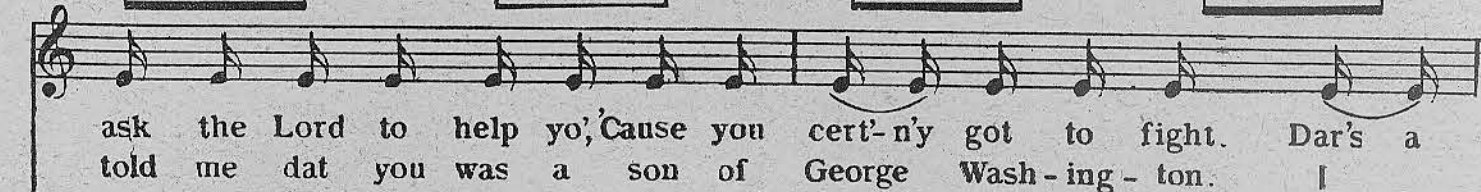
you, - me, - What'd yo' do wid de let-ter dat I
Get dat mon-ey, right a-way, or I'll

gave you for to post to Sue? You
make you say your pray'rs on your knee. I've

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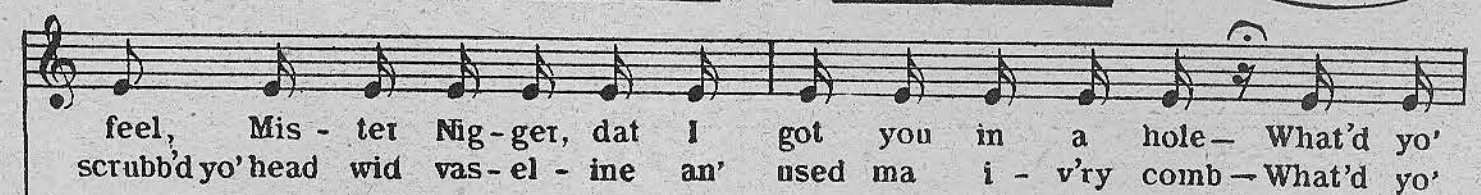
look a kind o' guilt-y, for your face is turn-ing white! Now
put up wid yo' trif-lin', an' I've list-ened to your con, You



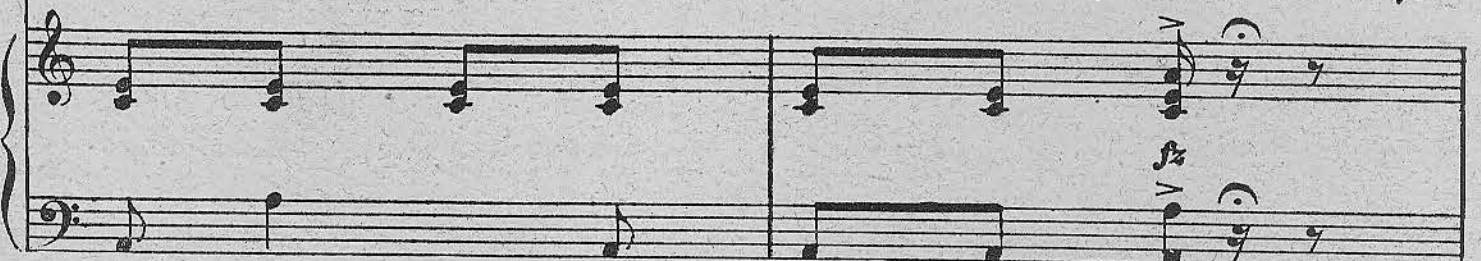
ask the Lord to help yo', Cause you cert'-n'y got to fight. Dar's a
told me dat you was a son of George Wash-ing-ton. I



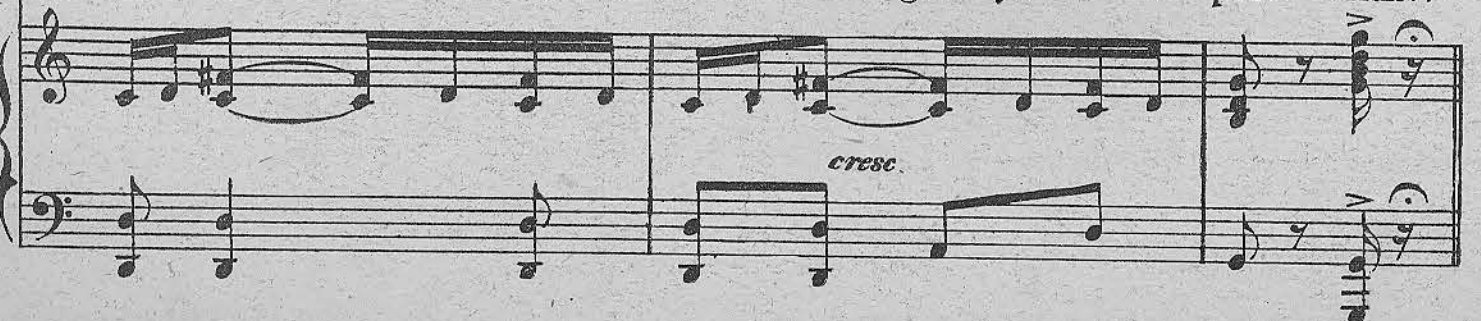
rum-blin', a grum-blin' a - com-in' from my soul, Cause I
wed yo', I fed yo', I took yo' to my home, I



feel, Mis-ter Nig-ger, dat I got you in a hole— What'd yo'
scrubb'd yo' head wid vas-el-ine an' used ma i-v'ry comb— What'd yo'



do, Mis-ter John-son, wid de let-ter dat I gave yo' for to post? (Huh?)
do, Mis-ter John-son, wid de let-ter dat I gave yo' for to post? (Huh?)



cresc.

CHORUS

"I hum - bly beg yo' par - don, Mrs. — John-son, Left yo' let - ter in ma o - ver - coat. I'm sor - ry dat I ev - er did dis - cov - er It con - tained a five dol - lar note. Don't yo' know yo' led me in - to tempt - a - tion 'Cause yo' did - n't stick de mu - c'lage down? Now you've got dis coon a - worryin', An' I've got to do some hurryin' Or leave dis town!" "I town!"

p-f

3

2

3

1 *2* D.C.

3 *1* *2* D.C.